THE ROAD AND THE RIVER.

It was a wondrous road, and beautiful in places;
It wound around the foot of wooded hills,
Now underneath great beetling cliffs with sullen faces,
Then down the softest valleys, where the trills
Of sylvan songsters filled the laughing, flower-clad meadows
With music till the hour of evening prayer;
Then, picking its way through undiscovered starlit shadows,
To places slumberful, and strange to care.

The road was wide and long; it had no known beginning;
The end no mortal eye could see;
Forms tantalizing, beautiful, well worth the winning,
Seemed ever beckoning to some good to be.
And so the road wound in and out, across morasses
That shook beneath the tramp of host on host;
While up and down and through the darkened mountain passes
The tireless way led on from post to post.

Beside this ancient road, unseen, unheard, a river
Forever hugged the shore. Its stealthy tread,
So soft and velvety it was, ne'er caused a shiver
Among the heedless throng, nor thought of dread.
They could not hear the dip of oars, nor yet the singing
The fragrant airs across the river bore;
They could not hear the eager swish of angels winging
Their joyful errands on the sunlit shore.

The river was not always deep, for sparkling shallows
Made music, sometimes, for the children's ears;
Sometimes a glimpse across to where the sweet marshmallows
Were growing, filled their wistful eyes with tears;
And once a little one, the darling of her mother,
Her bare toes gleaming on the shining sand,
Quick followed by her loving, watchful, brown-eyed brother,
Went wading through the ripples hand in hand.

And they were seen no more, their sunny faces hidden
By floods of mist, perchance by floods of tears.
But no one left that dusty, crowded road unbidden;
I watched them closely through the maze of years,
And always, somehow, somewhere, sometime, still, unsleeping,
The voiceless boatman of the silent sea
Was waiting at the brink, unmindful of the weeping,
To row the traveler to the far countree.

—Edward A. Jenks, in N. Y. Sun.

A CASE IN EQUITY.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

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V.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

The train on the Chiwassee Valley extension lurched uneasily round the curves in the new track of the branch line, leaving a trail of sooty smoke hanging in the foliage on the mountain side and stippling the pools in the river with showers of cinders from the engine where the railway embankment skirted the stream. The afternoon sun had dropped behind the summit of John's mountain, but his oblique rays still poured into the valley through occasional gaps in the ridge, projecting grotesquely lengthened shadows of the moving train half way across to the western slope of Jubal mountain. A cool breeze, fragrant with the breath of wild honeysuckle and spicy with the resinous smell of old-field pines, blew in at the open windows of the car; and Thorndyke, lying back in his seat with half-closed eyes, tried once more to set in their proper order the events of the last few days in New York. There was no particular reason why they should be assorted and labeled, save one; the memory of them seemed to be slipping away from him. There were times when he could not be sure that he had signed his will; when he could not remember what he had said to his mother at parting. And as for that pathetic little scene in the dimly-lighted drawing-room at the Morrissons', it might have happened ten years before. He asked himself if it were possible that it was only two days since he had choked in trying to say good-by to Helen. It was beyond belief; the miles of distance had somehow become transmuted into years of time, and the memory of that evening, only two evenings ago, was already beginning to fade. Was it only because the change of scene and of encompassment pushed the things of yesterday aside to make room for newer impressions, or did the reason lie in the grim fact of irrevocability? Thorndyke pursued these reflections so far into the field of abstractions that the man in the next seat spoke twice before he got an answer.

"I beg your pardon," Philip said, coming back to actualities with a reluctant effort. "What did you say?"

"I asked if you were going up to Allacoochee," said the voice.

It was an unpleasant voice, reminding one of the buzzing of bluebottles and other annoying insects. Thorndyke looked around, and saw a wiry little man with keen eyes, a thin beak-like nose, scanty black side whiskers, and a straggling mustache drooped in an evident but unsuccessful attempt to cover the faulty teeth. Foreseeing tedium in the face, he answered vaguely:

"Yes; I believe my ticket reads to that point."

The human fly was not to be silenced by any such mild discouragement. "I supposed so," he buzzed. "My name is Fench—Jenkins Fench,"—handing Thorndyke a card which ingeniously combined the name with a somewhat ungrammatical advertisement of the Allacoochee Land, Manufacturing and Improvement company, Guaranty building, 422 Broadway. "Drop around to my office when you get settled, and I'll give you some pointers that'll put you right in on the ground floor. What name did I understand you to say?"

"I didn't say," contradicted Philip, meekly, passing his card across to the man of business.

"Ah, Thorndyke; glad to know you, Mr. Thorndyke. As I was saying, if you'll come around—"

"I have no idea of investing in Allacoochee," Philip interrupted, hoping to escape. "I'm in Alabama for my health, and I don't expect to stay in town very long."

"Oho, yes; for your health, eh?—consumption, I suppose. Well, well; in life we're in the midst of death, and no man knoweth the day or hour."

Mr. Fench seemed nonplused for the moment, but he rallied immediately and went on with increasing zeal.

"In that case, Mr. Thorndyke, what better legacy could a man leave his folks than a few solid investments in our promising young city? Why, my dear sir, as a stranger, you can have no idea of the vast and wonderful resources of this marvelous region—absolutely no idea at all. And Allacoochee is the natural center for the whole country—the point where all the industries within a radius of 500 miles are bound to cluster. Just run your eye over this map; look at that for a location! This part that's platted off is as level as a floor, and here's the railroad running straight through the middle of it"—he was leaning over the back of the seat now, holding the map spread out before his unwilling listener—"plenty of room for sidetracks over here, you see, and for the shops that the road's going to build. Then here are the spurs down

"I asked you if you were going to Allacoochee."

to the rolling mill and the furnace on the bank of the river; this one goes up to the coal mines and that to the iron mines across the Little Chiwassee. This piece of ground's reserved for a woolen mill, and that strip down there by the river is taken for a swing factory—baby swings, you know— a sawmill, a planing mill, a sash and door factory, a—"

Philip made two or three wild passes at his human bluebottle, succeeding finally in interrupting with a promise to call upon Mr. Fench at his office and pleading weariness as an excuse for not investigating the subject on the spot. Fench folded his map and rested his case with the promise; but he kept up a running fire of encomiums on the new south and Allacoochee, which the effort at postponement had only changed from particulars to generalities, while Philip leaned back in the corner of the seat and gave himself up to an ecstasy of loathing. While the endless tale of prosperity continued the light went out of the sky, and it was quite dark when the brakeman thrust his face into the car to call "Allacoochee!"

Thorndyke gathered up his belongings with a sigh of relief and presently found himself standing under the glare of an electric lamp on the station platform, trying to hazard a guess at the best hotel in the place as the names were shouted out by the knot of yelling hackmen.

"Here you are for the Allacoochee Inn!"

"Right dis-away for de Mountain house!"

"Shut yo' fish-trap, niggah!—yass, sah, right hyah, sah; 'bus fo' de Hotel Johannisberg."

Notwithstanding the poet's doubting question, there is always more or less in a name; and the Hotel Johannisberg gained a guest that night upon no better grounds than that the word awoke pleasant memories in the mind of a man who knew Europe rather better than he did his own country. As the omnibus jounced along over the unpaved streets, Thorndyke amused himself by picturing the probable contrast between the backwoods tavern and its high-sounding appellation. He was rather more than surprised, therefore, when the omnibus stopped in front of a three-storied building standing in a park-like inclosure and ablaze with gas and electric lights; and astonishment rose into admiration when a liveried servant ushered him into the magnificent rotunda floored with marble mosaic and wainscoted in quarter-sawed oak. Everything about the place was cosmopolitan and modern, from the convenient telegraph office in the corner to the suave clerk, who might have been a swift importation from the best-appointed hostelry in New York.

"Glad to welcome you to Allacoochee, Mr. Thorndyke," he said, hospitably, when Philip had registered. "We're a little crowded to-night, but I can give you a good room on the second floor, if that will answer."

"I'm not particular, so that it's comfortable," replied Thorndyke, glad to have his forebodings dispelled. "Is supper served?"

"Dinner, if you please," corrected the clerk, affably, summoning a call-boy. "Show Mr. Thorndyke to his room—No. 83." And Philip followed his coffee-colored guide to the elevator with an uncomfortable conviction growing upon him that he had somehow stamped himself as provincial by suggesting supper instead of dinner.

The meal was excellent and well served; and the comfort of his room, after two weary nights in the sleeping car, made Thorndyke a late riser on his first morning in Allacoochee. After breakfast he went out upon the veranda to give the feeling of appreciative surprise a chance to expand with a wider view. The Hotel Johannisberg was owned by the Town company, and its situation on a slight knoll at the foot of John's mountain had been chosen with a view to the prospect. Standing on the steps of the veranda, Philip saw a background of wooded slopes rising in green bravery to the line of rugged cliffs at the summit of Jubal mountain; a middle distance of valley where the course of the Chiwassee river was defined by a bed of fleecy mist ruffled into semi-transparency by the warmth of the morning sun; to the left, beyond the narrower strip of mist marking the windings of the Little Chiwassee, the bold forehead of Bull mountain overtopping the town. These were the frame for the picture which human activity was etching into the level area inclosed by the two streams. Long vistas of streets marked by furrows turned at the curb lines; open spaces dotted with the stakes of the surveyor and heaped with piles of brick and lumber; uncounted numbers of half-finished buildings upon which the workmen clustered like swarming bees; the muffled drumming of hoisting engines; the strident exhausts of the locomotives in the railway yard; the clang of hammers in a boiler shop—everywhere the sights and sounds of restless industry and impatient progress.

Under such circumstances the gregarious impulse asserts itself irresistibly. Thorndyke looked about him for a possible sympathizer, and, by a process of natural selection which is as unaccountable as it is inerrant, he pitched upon a young man sitting apart from the various groups on the veranda. Drawing up a chair, he began to unburden himself.

"It beats anything I ever heard of," he said. "What is there behind it all?"

Standing as a target for the gunnery of other people's surprise was no new experience for the man of Philip's selection, and he smiled good-naturedly. "A good many people have asked that question. I can't answer it to my own satisfaction, but others would say the coal and iron; the lack of important manufacturing centers in the south, and the consequent pressing need for one just here; the climate, and a hundred other things besides."

"Are the coal and iron realities?"

"Oh, yes, very much so; this mountain behind the hotel is a vast coal bed, and that one over there"—pointing to the cliffs across the Little Chiwassee—"is equally rich in iron of fair quality."

"Then the people are not merely crazy enthusiasts, after all."

"That's as you please to look at it. So far as natural resources go, the place is solid. There is any quantity of building material, marble, sand and limestone, fire clay, timber, coal and iron. If a city may be built upon the mere presence of raw material, Allacoochee is a fact accomplished."

"That implies a doubt; may I ask the reason?"

"Certainly, though I'm not at all sure I can make it plain. All the advantages I have named and a dozen more are here, to be sure, but they've always been here, and it remained for our friends the promoters to find out that they would warrant all this," including the visible part of Allacoochee by a comprehensive gesture. "More than that, the same advantages may be found in plenty of localities in the south, some of them much more accessible than this valley. And then I have an old-fashioned idea that cities can't be created arbitrarily."

They smoked in silence for a little while, and then Thorndyke took a card from his case and handed it to his companion.

"Let me introduce myself," he said. "I just got in last night, and you may be able to tell me what I want to know."

"I am entirely at your service, Mr. Thorndyke."

The reply was prompt and courteous, and Philip read "Robert Protheroe, C. E." on the card which was handed him.

"My physician has sent me here," he explained, "and he tells me I must live out of doors. How shall I go about it?"

"How do you want to go about it?"

Philip laughed. "I'll have to confess that my plans are a trifle indefinite. I had an idea that perhaps I might go into the woods with the lumbermen or the turpentine gatherers."

"You're still too far north for that; there are no lumber camps or turpentine forests in this part of the state, and if there were, I hardly think the life would be what you want. Your trouble is pulmonary?"

"Yes; pulmonary."

Protheroe reflected for a moment. "This country is said to be favorable for consumptives—on better authority than that of our friends of the prospectus, I mean—and if you ask my advice—" He paused and looked inquiringly at Philip.

"Yes; please go on."

"I should say that you might find out what it will do for you by getting board at some farmhouse in the valley. You could put in your time tramping about, and the scenery would give you an object. There is only one difficulty."

"What is that?"

"Farmhouses where you can get anything to eat besides bacon and cornpone are not plentiful in this part of the country."

Having his recent experience with the railway eating houses before him, Philip shuddered. "I'm willing to rough it," he said, "but I'm not anxious to add dyspepsia to my other ailments. Don't you suppose I could find a place where the bill of fare wouldn't be quite so limited?"

"You'll find very few of them in this mountain region; roughly speaking, there are only two classes of white people—a small minority of well-to-do planters and farmers, and a large majority of poor folk."

"That's rather discouraging; and yet it seems as if I ought to be able to find what I need. I don't expect much in the way of accommodations; I'd be satisfied with good plain country board, such as we get among farmers in the north."

"I know of but one place near here that answers your description. It's in a Scotch family up on the Little Chiwassee; but I hardly think you could get in there."

"Do you think not? I'd try not to be troublesome; and if it would be a question of money—"

"No, it wouldn't be a question of money." Protheroe stopped abruptly and twisted his mustache. "I wish you hadn't said that," he added, frowning; "there are some few things in this world that can't be bought with money: a foothold in Jamie Duncan's home is one of them."

"I beg your pardon," Philip protested, flushing painfully at the thought that Protheroe had misconstrued his meaning. "I only meant that I am able and willing to pay for what I get; I—"

Something gripped his throat, and an uncontrollable fit of coughing strangled him and broke the sentence in two. When he put a handkerchief to his lips it came away spotted with blood, and Protheroe saw it.

"For heaven's sake! I had no idea you were that far along! Let me help you."

He led Thorndyke to the elevator and through the long corridor on the upper floor, making him lie down as soon as they reached the room.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?—shall I call a doctor?" he asked.

Thorndyke shook his head. "It's rather worse than I gave you to understand; my physician in New York allowed me six months, and I've eaten into one of them pretty deeply already."

"Six months! Did the man send you down here to die?"

"It amounts to that; but I knew. It was the only chance for me."

Prothero made two or three turns up and down the room, and then stopped with his hand on the doorknob. "I'll be back after awhile to see how you are; in the mean time you lie still and just make up your mind you've got to win; it's more than half the battle. You're sure there's nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing, thank you, but you mustn't let me impose on your good nature. I can ring up the office if I need anything."

Protheroe went down the hall talking to himself. "Poor fellow! I'm afraid it's all day with him. I ought to be ashamed of myself for pretending to misunderstand what he said about paying his way; I am ashamed, and I'll prove it by trusting the poor devil—and Elsie."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN OLD SALT'S BLUNDER.

He Suffered by Taking Too Much for Granted.

"Experience," said the man who had been telling tales of the sea, "is a great thing. But it gets in the way sometimes. I'll never forget the last shipwreck I was in."

"It must be terrible," said the boy whom he was entertaining, "to be adrift in the ocean."

"It is rather trying to realize that land is miles away, no matter whether you measure sidewise or straight down. But this shipwreck wasn't on the ocean."

"But you said you had sailed the Atlantic."

"Yes; that's where I got my experience. But it was on Lake Superior that I found myself with nothing to tie to except an old washstand. It was three days before I was picked up."

"Weren't you almost dead?"

"Pretty near."

"From hunger?"

"Partly that. And I suffered some from thirst. But the most of it was humiliation. The first thing I asked for was a drink of water. I had suffered agonies. My throat was parched and my tongue felt like a herring. One of the men in the boat looked at me as if he thought I was delirious, but when I repeated my request he took a tin can, leaned over the side of the boat and dipped me up a drink. Then I realized for the first time that I was on fresh water instead of salt and there wasn't the least excuse for a sane man's going thirsty a minute. Experience is a great thing, my boy. Never turn up your nose at it. But remember that it is as likely as not to run you into trouble if you haven't common sense as a compass to steer by."—Washington Star.

Tit for Tat.

A British sailor, being a witness in a murder case, was called to the stand, and was asked by the counsel for the crown whether he was for the plaintiff or the defendant.

"Plaintiff or defendant?" said the sailor, scratching his head. "Why, I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I came to speak for me friend," pointing to the prisoner.

"You're a pretty fellow for a witness," said the counsel, "not to know what plaintiff or defendant means."

Later in the trial the counsel asked the sailor what part of the ship he was in at the time of the murder.

"Abaft the binnacle, me lord," said the sailor.

"Abaft the binnacle?" replied the barrister. "What part of a ship is that?"

"Ain't you a pretty feller for a counselor," said the sailor, grinning at the counsel, "not to know what abaft the binnacle is!"

The court laughed.—Harper's Round Table.

Moving the Well.

A family who have recently taken into their employ a rosy-cheeked Irish maid-of-all-work, say that her blunders cause them amusement enough to compensate for any trouble they may entail. One day the man of the house stated in Bridget's hearing that he intended to have a wood-house built on a piece of ground which at that time enclosed a well. "And sure, sorr," said the inquiring Bridget, "will you be movin' the well to a more convanient spot whin the wood-house is builted?" A smile crossed her employer's face, and instantly Bridget saw that she had made a mistake of some sort. "It's mesilf that's a fool, I'm thinkin'," she said, hastily, bound to retrieve herself; "av coorse whin the well was moved ivery drop of wather would rinnout av it!"—Youth's Companion.

SNAKES AS PETS.

Large Demand for King Snakes in New York City.

It may seem strange to make a pet of a snake, but it is not so strange after all when you know the particular reptile which seems to be becoming a fad in New York. It is the king snake, and it can be truly called the peacock of its species. It is most beautifully marked, sometimes in red and black stripes and again in white and black stripes. It has seldom been known to bite a human being, and yet it is a terror to all other snakes. Small as the king snake is, it never hesitates to attack another snake, no matter how large, and it is a rare case when it does not succeed in killing its enemy.

The king snake when full grown is about a foot and a half long. It is found as far north as Colorado and as far south as Texas. Those found in Colorado are marked with dull brown stripes by no means beautiful; but as you travel south you will find the king snake more and more beautifully marked, and when you reach the borders of Mexico the finest specimen of any snake in the world can be found.

They are most intelligent reptiles and can easily be domesticated. They can be fondled without the least fear, and will not attack a human being unless aroused. The king snake is most graceful in repose, and when in action its movements are like lightning.

A dealer whom I saw in Harlem has over 100 of them in stock, and he told me that he sells something like five a day. They bring all the way from two dollars to five dollars apiece.

"New Yorkers know little of snakes," said he to me, "and least of all the king snake. I received two or three of them from a friend of mine in Texas last year, and kept them as curiosities. I put them in a case in my window, and the beauty of their colors attracted many people. I received dozens of inquiries about them. The majority of the people never head of a king snake, and when I told them that the snake was not dangerous and related little incidents of their intelligence, the people were simply wild to get one. This may have started the fad for king snakes, but, at any rate, to please my customers I had to order a large stock of the snakes, and now I have more demand for them than for anything else."

"Where do the people keep the snakes?" I asked.

"Right in the house. They crawl about the floor and make themselves at home as readily as a cat or a dog. In fact, they rid the house of vermin, and no mice or rats remain anywhere near a king snake. They are perfectly harmless, and will never attack you unless, of, course you deliberately tantalize them.

"The king snake delights in feeding on mice. It can go without eating for nearly six months at a time, but when it is really hungry it will attack anything. As a result I am obliged to keep on hand a large number of mice to meet demands for them as a repast for the king snake. I am not surprised that people take to this reptile so much, especially women. It is the most beautiful snake of which I know, and the most intelligent."—N. Y. Herald.

NEVER PAY CASH.

Advice of a Business Man Who Believes in Buying on Credit.

"Never pay cash for anything if you want to get commercial rating," said a business man the other day. "Get goods on credit, even when able to pay spot cash for them, and pay the bill with promptness when it becomes due. If you do this long enough you will probably get the reputation of possessing all the money you have got trusted for, and, at any rate, will be known in business circles where you wouldn't be named if you always paid cash. A man who pays cash for everything is supposed to be doing business on small capital, while a man who gets things on credit, or, what is better still, pays for them in notes, is generally believed to be operating on such a large scale that he has no ready money to spare for small deals.

"As for getting credit, it is the first step that costs, of course, but a man can begin by referring people to his landlord and the tradesmen with whom he deals, if he can do no better. If he has no accounts anywhere he must set about having them; get trust for small amounts, and you will in time get trusted for larger ones. The first requisite to wealth is not money, but credit. Get credit and you will do business amounting to an indefinite number of times your capital.

"Without dilating further on the advantages of credit, let me give you an illustration of the disadvantages of doing business on a cash basis. A country merchant I knew who had always paid cash for everything he bought (and did a correspondingly small business) determined finally to enlarge his trade, and to do this required the credit he had never before asked for. When he came to town and asked the men to whom he had always paid cash to let him have goods on time they one and all became suspicious of him and refused. The very fact that he had always paid cash made them think, when he finally asked for credit, that he wasn't a safe man to trust. Moral: Never pay cash for anything if you would avoid suspicion."—N. Y. Sun.

The Largest Oak in the World.

Two young trees, raised from its acorns, have recently been planted near the famous old oak at Cowthorpe, England. The ancient tree, which is more than 50 feet in girth, and is believed to be the largest oak in existence, is so decayed that it is feared it cannot stand much longer.—N. Y. Sun.

Without Effort.

Anxious Mother—I don't understand how it is, Bertie, that you are always at the foot of your class.

Bertie—I don't understand it myself; but I know it's dreadful easy.—Boston Transcript.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—He—"What is a crank?" She—"Why, a person with one idea." "Would you call me a crank?" "Why, no; I never gave you credit for having one idea."—Yonkers Statesman.

—"Don't you think these stripes become me?" asked the summer awning. "They ought to run crosswise," said the window, savagely. "You are nothing but a daylight robber."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Tommy—"Paw, what is the difference between 'well' and 'good?'" Mr. Figg—"Well, I have noticed that about the only time you can be depended on to be good is when you are not feeling well."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Well," said Mr. Cumrox, thoughtfully, "I was glad to let my daughter go to the queen's jubilee. It will make her happy for the next ten years." "Longer than that, perhaps." "No. After ten years she won't care to seem familiar with anything that happened in 1897."—Washington Star.

—Maud—"When we were out riding on our bicycles yesterday Harry put his hand on my shoulder a moment. He pretended he wanted to help me along. I made him take it away immediately." Irene—"That was right, dear." Maud—"Yes. It was the only thing to do. His hand is so large and ugly, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

—"Do you think your sister likes me, Tommy?" "Yes; she stood up for you at dinner." "Stood up for me? Was anybody saying anything against me?" "No, nothing much. Father said he thought you were rather a donkey, but sis got up and said you weren't, and told father he ought to know better than to judge a man by his looks."—Household Words.

STORY OF CHARLIE ROSS.

Death of His Father Revives Interest in the Boy's Abduction.

"Charlie" Ross, the son of a man whose death was announced in late dispatches, was abducted July 1, 1874. He and his elder brother Walter were playing in front of their home in East Washington Lane, Germantown, when two men who passed by in a buggy offered to take them for a ride if they would walk to the top of the hill. The boys walked to the top of the hill and were taken into the wagon.

Walter wanted the men to take them to Main street and buy some fireworks, but they said they would take them to "Aunt Susie's," a fictitious person. They plied the boys with candy while the team was driven toward Kensington. At Palmer and Richmond streets Walter was given a quarter and directed to get fireworks in a cigar store. When he returned the men and his curly-haired brother were gone. H. C. Peacock, a friend of the family, took Walter to his parents.

It was some days before anything of the nature of a clew came to the searchers. This was in the shape of a letter from the supposed abductors. It was grossly illiterate and informed Mr. Ross that the writers held the boy so securely that no earthly power could reach him, and that he would not be delivered without the payment of a big ransom. The father was warned that any atempt to recover the boy by detectives would result in the boy's instant death. The writers promised to communicate with Mr. Ross within a few days.

They wrote two days later demanding $20,000 ransom for the return of the boy. This sum was promptly raised by friends of Mr. Ross, but the police stepped in and asked to be given the conduct of the case. This was granted, and Mayor Stokely offered a reward of $20,000 for the arrest of the kidnapers and the return of the boy. This immense reward attracted world-wide attention.

Mr. Ross received 16 letters from the abductors during the four following months, but they were so carefully disguised that no clew could be found to the writers.

Superintendent Walling, of the New York police, found the clew that ended in fixing the crime of abduction on William Mosher and Joseph Douglass, burglars. William Westervelt, a brother-in-law of Mosher, acted as go-between in the attempted negotiations with Mr. Ross. The police of the country were looking for the two men when the residence of Judge Van Brunt, in Bay Ridge, was entered by burglars on December 14, 1874. The burglars were attacked by a brother of Judge Van Brunt and several servants. One of them was shot dead and the other was mortally wounded. They were Mosher and Douglass. Mosher was dead. Douglass gasped to Mr. Van Brunt:

"It's no use lying now. Mosher and I stole 'Charlie' Ross. Mosher knows all about him."

When told that his partner was dead he said:

"Then God help his poor wife and family. He knew about 'Charlie.' The child will be returned in a few days."

The boy was never returned, the supposition being that he met his death in the North river while his abductors were eluding pursuit.—N. Y. Herald.

Somebody Had Told Him.

Gently approaching to within earshot of his august mother, Albert Edward said, as if musing aloud:

"'Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown.'"

The queen looked at him a moment before answering:

"'A wise person will never believe everything he hears.'"

And the silence was disturbed only by the beads of sweat that broke out upon the prince's brow.—Cleveland Leader.

Queer Conduct of a Kentucky Tree.

There is a very remarkable tree in the suburban part of town. It is an old locust tree, and in the dryest of weather a continued shower of mist or vapor can be seen coming from its branches. A shower bath can be had beneath its foliage at any hour, day or night.—Glasgow (Ky.) Republican.